

KONAMI

OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK



ISSUE #3
\$3.99

TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION

METAL GEAR SOLID

SONS OF LIBERTY



Written by

ALEX GARNER

Artwork by

ASHLEY WOOD

ASHLEY WOOD COVER

\$3.99 U.S. • \$4.85 CAN • DECEMBER '05



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KONAMI

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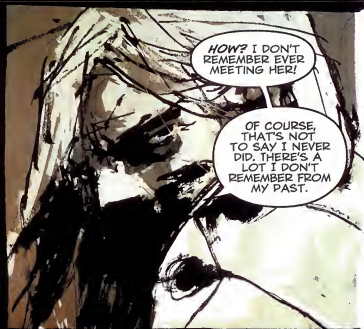
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YOU
CAN'T HIDE
FOREVER!

BASTARD!

YOU'LL *DIE*
FOR WHAT
YOU'VE DONE
TO ME!



STILLMAN!
GET YOUR ASS
IN GEAR!

BLAM BLAM BLAM

FINALLY!

I WAS
BEGINNING
TO WONDER...
WAIT.

YOU'RE
NOT THE
MAN I'M
LOOKING
FOR...

AW BABY,
YOU'RE HURTING
MY FEELINGS!

AND HERE
I THOUGHT WE
HAD SOMETHING
BETWEEN US.

FOOL.

MORON.





FATMAN!
RESPOND!

UH-OH,
IT'S THE
KING!

AND
HIS VOICE
DOETH BEAR
AN ANGRY
TENOR!



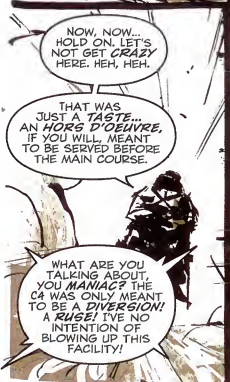
AND HOW
FARES YOUR
ROYAL MAJESTY?
THY HUMBLE
SERVANT—

SILENCE,
YOU FOOL!
I WANT AN
EXPLANATION
FOR THAT C4
DETONATION!



YOU WERE
TOLD SPECIFICALLY
TO SIT BACK AND
WAIT FOR MY ORDERS
BEFORE DOING
ANYTHING.

ARE YOU SO
DEMENTED NOW
AS TO THROW AWAY
EVERYTHING WE'VE
ACCOMPLISHED OVER
THE LAST FEW
YEARS?



NOW, NOW...
HOLD ON, LET'S
NOT GET CRAZY
HERE. HEH, HEH.

THAT WAS
JUST A TASTE...
AN *HORS D'OEUVRE*.
IF YOU WILL, MEANT
TO BE SERVED BEFORE
THE MAIN COURSE.

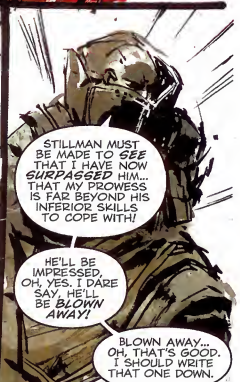
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT,
YOU MANIAC? THE
C4 WAS ONLY MEANT
TO BE A *DIVERSION*!
A *RUSE*! I'VE NO
INTENTION OF
BLOWING UP THIS
FACILITY!



YOUR
INTENTIONS...
YOUR INTENTIONS...
WHY DOES EVERYTHING
HAVE TO BE ABOUT
WHAT YOU WANT?
WHAT ABOUT ME?
WHAT ABOUT MY
NEEDS?

MY FORMER
MENTOR, PETER
STILLMAN, JUST
ARRIVED HERE ON
BIG SHELL.

AND I
NEED TO
KILL HIM!



STILLMAN MUST
BE MADE TO *SEE*
THAT I HAVE NOW
SURPASSED HIM...
THAT MY PROWESS
IS FAR BEYOND HIS
INFERIOR SKILLS
TO COPE WITH!

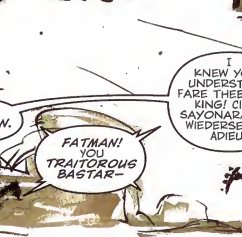
HE'LL BE
IMPRESSED,
OH, YES. I DARE
SAY HE'LL
BE *BLOWN*
AWAY!

BLOWN AWAY...
OH, THAT'S GOOD.
I SHOULD WRITE
THAT ONE DOWN.



IF YOU
WANTED
DIVERSIONS
AND RUSES,
YOUR MAJESTY,
THEN YOU HIRED
THE WRONG
MAN.

I DEAL IN
DESTRUCTION.



FATMAN!
YOU
TRAITOROUS
BASTARD—

I
KNEW YOU'D
UNDERSTAND.
FARE THEE WELL,
KING! CIAO!
SAYONARA! AUF
WIEDERSEHEN!
ADIEU!



HA!
AIN'T I A
STINKER?

FATMAN.

WHO?

OH, IT'S
YOU.

YOU HAVEN'T
COME TO SPOIL
MY FUN, TOO—
HAVE YOU?

ON THE
CONTRARY,
MY FRIEND,
WE FIND YOUR...
ACTIONS TO BE
QUITE SUITABLE
FOR OUR
PURPOSES...
FOR NOW.

SO
LONG AS
THEY DON'T
INTERFERE
WITH YOUR
ORDERS.

WE WANT
YOU TO ENGAGE
THE *PRIMARY*...
THE ROOKIE
AGENT KNOWN
AS RAIDEN.

WE WANT
YOU TO TEST
HIM.

TEST HIM,
EH? TO WHAT
LIMIT?

THE FULL
EXTENT. NO
HESITATION.
NO HOLDING
BACK.

KILL
HIM.

BECAUSE
IF YOU *DON'T*,
YOUR LIFE IS
MOST ASSUREDLY
FORFEIT.



COLONEL?
ROSE?

UNF!

MOMMY?
HELLO?

OWW!

ANY TACTICAL
ADVICE HERE WOULD
BE GREATLY
APPRECIATED...



NGH!

...CAUSE I'M
GETTING MY
ASS ROYALLY
KICKED RIGHT
NOW!



SHUT
UP!

UGH!



THAT'S IT...
PICK UP YOUR
GUN.

FINISH
ME OFF.

I WANT
YOU TO.



QUEEN,
WE HAVE A
PROBLEM.

VAMP,
WHAT?



IT'S
FATMAN—
HE'S GONE
ROGUE. HE
INTENDS TO
BLOW BIG
SHELL SKY...

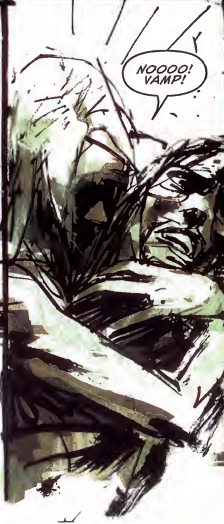


BAM
BAM



SNAP!

...HIGHNOH!



NOOOO!
VAMP!



RAIDEN!
GET YOUR ASS
OUT OF THERE!
SOMETHING'S
COME UP!

YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO TELL ME
TWICE.



WHAT'S UP,
COLONEL?

I'M AFRAID
OUR PRIORITIES
HAVE SWITCHED
AND THE
PRESIDENT WILL
HAVE TO WAIT.
ROSE?

WE RECEIVED
A TRANSMISSION
FROM ONE OF THE
DEAD CELL TERRORISTS
KNOWN AS **FATMAN**. HE'S
SPLINTERED OFF FROM
THE SONS OF LIBERTY
AND HAS THREATENED
TO BLOW UP BIG
SHELL UNLESS...

UNLESS
WHAT?

UNLESS
YOU MEET HIM
IMMEDIATELY
ON THE STRUT
E HELIPORT.
YOU HAVE FIVE
MINUTES.

BUT WHY
ME? WHAT
DOES HE
WANT?

HONESTLY,
I HAVE NO
IDEA.

IS HE
SURRENDERING?
LOOKING FOR
AMNESTY?

WELL, IF
HE IS, HE WON'T
GET IT. FOUR
MINUTES, THIRTY-
SEVEN SECONDS.
YOU NEED TO GET
A MOVE ON.

RAIDEN,
PLEASE BE
CAREFUL...

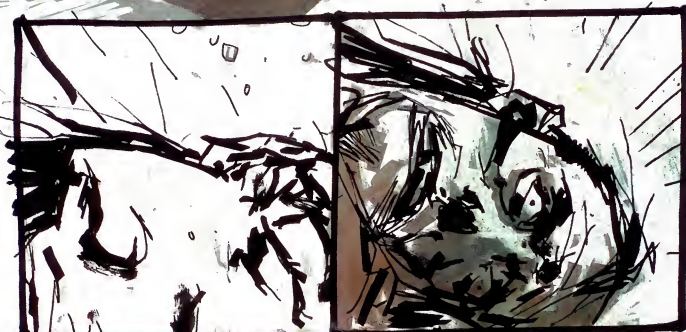


OH, NO
NO NO NO
THAT DEATH
WAS MEANT
FOR ME!

WHY? WHY
AM I THE
ONLY ONE
WHO CAN'T
DIE?

DADDY,
PLEASE...
I'M SO
SORRY.

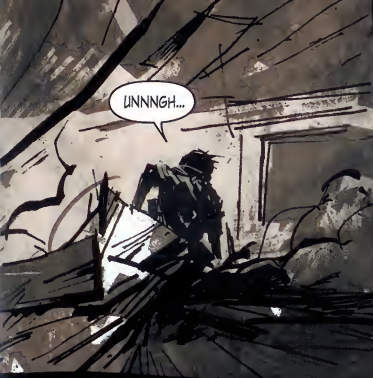
HOW MUCH
LONGER DO I
HAVE TO ENDURE
THIS? HAVEN'T I
BEEN THROUGH
ENOUGH?



THERE'S...
NO NEED
TO CRY, MY
QUEEN.

I
DIED ONCE
ALREADY.

I
CAN'T DIE
TWICE.



UNNNNGH...



FATMAN?

GONE...



BASTARD
MUST HAVE BEEN
HOLDING BACK...
OTHERWISE, I'D
BE DEAD.



HELLOO...

WHAT
HAVE WE
HERE?



THAT
WOMAN.

SHE
LOOKS
LIKE...



IMPOSSIBLE!

IT
CAN'T BE
HER!



OLGA GURLUKOVICH!



IMPOSSIBLE!

THERE'S NO WAY
SHE COULD BE HERE!

SHE DIED TWO YEARS
AGO ON THE TANKER...

ALL
UNITS, THIS
IS COLONEL
GURLUKOVICH.
SHALASHASKA
HAS LANDED. I'M
ON MY WAY TO
THE TANKER
HOLD.

OLGA,
REPORT
STATUS.

CONTROL ROOM,
COMMUNICATIONS
AND THE ENGINE
ROOM ARE UNDER
CONTROL. ALL ENTRY
AND EXIT POINTS TO
THE TANKER HOLD ARE
SECURED. INFRARED
SENSORS PLACED AND
OPERATIONAL.

GOOD
WORK. AND THE
EXPLOSIVES?

ALL IN
PLACE.

EXCELLENT.
ONCE WE HAVE
WHAT WE CAME FOR,
THE TANKER WILL
BE SCUTTLED.

YOUR
PART IN THIS
MISSION IS OVER.
YOU ARE TO LEAVE
AT ONCE.





NOW TOSS
YOUR GUN
OVERBOARD...
SLOWLY.



AMERICAN
MEN...
YOU'RE ALL
THE SAME.



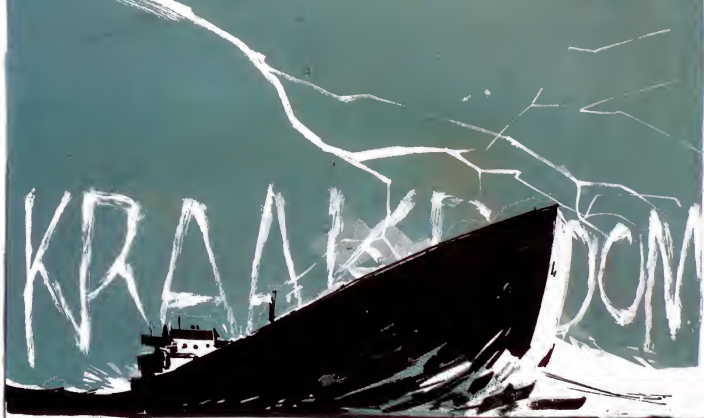
STOP
FIDGETING.

KEEP
YOUR HANDS
HIGH.



OR WHAT?
YOU SHOOT
WOMEN,
TOO?

IT'S JUST A
TRANQUILIZER
GUN. YOU'LL BE
FINE IN A FEW
HOURS.



DAMN!

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM

SNAKE!
YOU OKAY?

FINE,
OTACON.
JUST TELL ME
AGAIN WHY
I CAN'T USE
BULLETS

WELL, IT'S
BECAU-

NEVER
MIND.

PTING

BLAM
BLAM

BLAM

TAK

BAM

POW
POW
POW



NNGH!



WORD GOT AROUND THAT
OLGA DROWNED AFTER
THE TANKER WENT UNDER.

HUNH. LOOKS PRETTY
HEALTHY FOR A DEAD
WOMAN.



SO, NOW
THE QUESTION
BEGS—WHAT IS
SHE DOING HERE
TWO YEARS
LATER?



LOOKS LIKE SHE'S
TAKEN COMMAND OF
HER FATHER'S PRIVATE
ARMY. PROBABLY
RENTED THEM OUT TO
DEAD CELL TO HELP
TAKE OVER BIG SHELL.

TYPICAL MERCENARY.
LIKE FATHER, LIKE
DAUGHTER.

OLGA. THAT MEANS
OCELOT CAN'T BE
FAR BEHIND. GREAT.

I'M GONNA HAVE TO
KEEP A REAL CLOSE
EYE ON HER...



RAIDEN,
WAIT! IT'S
ME!

STILLMAN!
YOU OKAY?



HANGING
IN THERE.
BARELY.

THERE'S NO
TIME! COME WITH
ME! QUICKLY!



FATMAN
DEMANDS THAT
I MEET HIM ON
THE HELIPORT OR
HE'LL BLOW UP BIG
SHELL. DO YOU
HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT THIS COULD
BE ABOUT?

HFF... NO...
HFF... NOT UNLESS
YOU'RE ANOTHER
EXPLOSIVES
EXPERT... HFF.



WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

HE'S... HFFF...
INGANELY
COMPETITIVE TO
THE POINT OF...
HFF... TRYING TO
KILL OFF...



...ALL HIS
PEERS. RIGHT.
I HEARD ABOUT
THAT. WANTS TO
BE THE BEST IN
THE WORLD, EVEN IF
IT MEANS KILLING
EVERYBODY IN
HIS WAY.

WELL, I'M
CERTAINLY NO
BOMB EXPERT.
SO WHAT DOES
HE WANT WITH
ME?

WELL... HUFF...
I KNOW HE
WANTS ME DEAD...
HFF... *BADLY!*
THAT, I CAN
GUARANTEE.

HEY,
THAT'S
RIGHT!

I'D WAGER
THAT MORE THAN
ANYONE, HE'D WANT
TO SHOW UP HIS
OLD TEACHER.

TRY TO
KEEP UP,
PETE. I'VE
GOT AN
IDEA...

THE PRIMARY
IS HEADED FOR
THE HELIPORT
AS EXPECTED.

THE BOARD IS SET, JUST AS YOU SPECIFIED.

NOW, WHAT ABOUT MY...

NOW,
WHAT OF
MY...

BUT YOU PROMISED A SHOW OF GOOD FAITH! I HAVE TO SEE-

NO! I NEED ASSURAN-

NO! PLEASE DON'T!

YES...
OF COURSE.
I UNDERSTAND
COMPLETELY.

HE WON'T SUSPECT A THING.



NINE...
EIGHT...
SEVEN...
SIX...



FIVE...
FOUR...
THREE...
BOOM!

EXCELLENT
TIMING. AS YOU
CAN IMAGINE,
I'M QUITE THE
STICKLER FOR
PUNCTUALITY.



I AM
FATMAN.

I AM THE
GREATEST THAT
HUMANITY HAS TO
OFFER, AND THE
LOWEST.



WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?



WHAT DO
I WANT?
WHAT DO
I WANT?

WHAT
A SILLY
QUESTION!

I WANT
YOUR BEST,
YOUNG
MAN!



I WANT
TO SEE
IF YOU'VE
GOT **GUTS**,
SOLDIER.

I
WANT TO
SEE WHAT
YOU'RE
MADE OF.

LITERALLY.

AND WHAT
BETTER WAY TO
FIND OUT THAN BY
BLOWING YOU TO
SMITHERENS?

To be continued...